

The Promised Story, The Dark Secret, by Cousin May Carleton, MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING, commences in this number.

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No. 87.

## ISADORE.

BY ARNOLD ISLER.

Life seemeth dreary,  
Wretchedly weary,  
No sweet smiles to cheer me, heart sad and sore;  
Silent and lonely,  
Ah! thinking only  
Of my little darling, sweet Isadore.

Were I but near her,  
Could I but hear her,  
Singing sweet melodies, as in days of yore;  
I'd have her as a clad lover,  
I walked through the clover  
With my companion lover, dear Isadore.

Bright scenes of pleasure,  
Sweet hours of leisure,  
Earth's rarest treasure, can not restore—  
She who was dearest,  
Truest, sincerest,  
Sisterly nearest, fair Isadore.

All that I live for  
Earnestly strive for,  
Hope for, contriv for, long for—  
Then when this life ends,  
This saddened strife ends,  
I will be nearer to my Isadore.

Spirit immortal!  
At heaven's portal,  
I know thou waitest, to escort me once more;  
I'll soon reach the river,  
Where we'll join forever,  
To part again never, beloved Isadore!

## The Dark Secret: OR, The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON,  
(MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.)

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE MERMAID.

"Who'er has travel'd life's dull round,  
Wher'ever his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
His warmest welcome at an inn."

SHENSTONE.

THE time—late in the evening of a raw April day, many a year, most probably, before you were born, my dear sir or madam. The scene—a long, black strip of coast on the Jersey shore, washed by the bright waters of the flowing Hudson.

A low, black, rakish looking schooner, with a sort of suspicious look about it, strikingly suggestive to nautical individuals skilled in reading the expressive countenances of schooners in general, had just come to anchor out in the river, a short distance from the shore; and a half an hour later, had put off from her, and landed two persons, who sprang lightly out: while two more, who had rowed them, leaned on their dripping oars, and waited for further directions.

"You can go back, now. I don't want you to wait for me. I'll stop at the Mermaid tonight. If I want you, you know the signal; and tell Sharp Bill to keep an uncommon sharp look-out. Come, my little Spanish Jockey o' Norfolk: put your best leg foremost, hoist all sail, and let's bear down on that full-blown craft, the Mermaid inn."

The speaker gave his companion a blow on the back, at this passage in his discourse, that sent him sprawling, as well it might; and then, with a coarse laugh, sprung, with more agility than might have been expected from his looks, over the wet, shingly, slippery beach, toward the high-road.

He was a man of some forty-five or fifty years of age, short, brawny and muscular, though not stout, with an extremely large head, set on an extremely short neck, which made up in thickness what it wanted in length. A complexion like unvarnished mahogany, with a low, retreating forehead; a pair of sharp, keen, glittering, hawk-like eyes; gleaming from under thick, scowling brows; a grim, resolute mouth, and the most undistinguishing dog-or-die determination, made up that world hardly be associated, in female minds, with the idea of love at first sight. This elegant frontispiece was rendered still further attractive by a perfect forest of underbrush and red hair generally; indeed, there was more hair about his countenance than there seemed any real necessity for; and his tarpaulin hat crowned a head adorned with a violent mat of hair of the same striking color. The gentleman was dressed in an easy, off-hand style, that completely set at defiance all established civilized modes, with nothing about him, save his sailor's hat, to be taken for a seaman. Yet such he was, and a captain, too: Captain Nicholas Tempest, commander of the Fly-by-Night, at your service, reader.

A greater contrast to the gentleman just described than his companion, could hardly have been found, search the wide world over. He was a slender lad, of not more than sixteen or seventeen apparently, with a face that would have been feminine in its exquisite beauty, but for the extreme darkness of the complexion. Every feature was perfect, as faultlessly chiseled as if modeled after some antique statue. His eyes were large, black and lustrous, as diamonds; his short, crisp, curling hair, of jetty black; his complexion was darker than that of a Croesus. His form was slight, graceful and elegant; his dress out, picturesque, and foreign-looking, and strikingly becoming to the dark, rich style of his beauty. A crimson sash was knotted carelessly round his waist; and a cap of the same color, with a gold band and tassel, and a single black plume, was set jauntily on his dark curls, and gave him altogether the look of a handsome little brigand, just dressed for the stage.

The burly commander of the Fly-by-Night sprang fleetly up the rocks, followed by the boy, until they left the beach, and struck out on the struggling, unrefined, lonely-looking road, with only one house in sight, as far as the eye could run; and that one a low, dingy-looking place, with a single smoky chimney leaning pensively to one side, and two yellow-eyed windows, that stared straight before them with an idiotic, helpless-looking gaze, and a melancholy old door, that creaked and moaned dismally whenever it was touched.

Over this door was a flapping sign, with an uncomfortable-looking female painted on it, who held a comb in one hand, and a small pocket mirror in the other, into which she was gazing with an expression of the most violent astonishment, evidently lost in wonder as to how on earth she had ever got there—as she very well might, indeed; for it was an uncomfortable, not to say

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"Here, Orrie! Orrie! Take the lantern and show the gentleman the way to the stable!" said the woman.

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# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

3

"Now, you'd like to know where them folks on Ettaw's gone to?"  
"Can you tell us?" Haxon spoke quickly, eagerly, and grasped the boy's arm.

"Hold on, now, you; that's the on'y coat I've got. Don't you bu'st a hole in it?"

"Tell me what you know about Forde and the girl!" was the impatient interruption.

"That purty gal with the goldy hair an' eyes like indigo?"

"Yes, yes; be quick!"

"Well they've gone out of the city—"

"Bah!" exclaimed Bret, "we knowed that ere, long ago."

"Yes; but I reckon you don't know where they've gone," with the air of one who assumes the importance of exclusive knowledge.

"Boy!" Haxon hissed, angrily. "I've paid you to tell me what you know. If you know where the parties have gone, and can put me on their track, I'll give you half a dollar more."

"Will you? Crimminy! Well now they've just gone to Washington, an' nowheres else. That's all."

"To Washington!" two mouths uttered the exclamation simultaneously.

Striking the table a forcible blow with his fist, Bret declared, vehemently:

"By thunder!—Haxy, I b'lieve it!"

"How do you know this?" questioned Haxon, with a slight doubt as to the reliability of the information.

"Well, I was sellin' papers right by the winder, down to the depot, las' night, an' I saw 'em. I was clost enough to see 'at the tickets was for Washington. I knew 'em cause I've often left a paper at the old gent's house, and there's where I seen his gal, too. Then, to-day, here I see you a-sittin' after 'em at the front door; an' I seen you go way mad like, as if you couldn't find out what you wanted to. Then, they thinks I, Jack—he're stamps! 'cause I knew you was good pay. So, I come after you. An' there's the whole on't." This speech in a brief, concise, comprehensive delivery, that would have been creditable to the argument of a lawyer.

The additional half-dollar was paid over, and the boy departed, counting, in mind, how many *Bulletins* he would buy for that night's sale.

With one impulse, Bret and Haxon left the restaurant.

Without losing a moment, they took a car for Howard street.

Their destination was Washington—their object to find Harnden Forde.

Satan favored them, in sending the news-boy—who dreamt not of the harm he was doing—to relieve them of their embarrassment, for, plain it was, that, without the unhooked-for aid, they were completely baffled.

Already, they were hounding after their prey. Once found—Haxon's eyes gleamed like the orbs of a devil, as he anticipated once more grinding beneath his heel, the proud gentleman who had thus far felt but the smoothest sting of the venomous serpent hovering upon his path.

Not along the fierce ardor of determination to wed Eola now fired the breast of the scheming villain; but with it mingled an inward vow to punish Forde for daring to defy him.

They were too late for the first afternoon train, and a tiresome period must elapse ere the departure of the four o'clock cars.

Passing their time, partially in the bar-room and in walking the platform, the time slipped by.

People were purchasing tickets and crowding to their seats.

Bret and Haxon stood upon the hind platform of the last car, watching the thronging passengers, when, suddenly, and at the same moment, the two stood transfixed, as if powerless to move a muscle.

That which they saw appeared to startle them.

**CHAPTER XXI.**

CROSS-PURPOSES

Wat Blake and the lawyer lost no time in going to Forde's house.

They were not a little surprised to find it closed and dreary-looking (it was one of those old-fashioned buildings which, nowadays, require all the dressing and brilliancy of openness and embellishment, to prevent the passer-by imagining it a historical sepulcher) as if the occupants had deserted it.

"Buried himself, I reckon," said Crewly, surveying the building as though in doubt whether to risk his body inside the doorway. "Looks like he'd been sold out by the sheriff" and now he stood still at the bottom of the steps.

"Come on, Mr. Crewly," said Blake, ringing the bell as he spoke.

"Any danger?" inquired the lawyer, dubiously.

"Danger of what?"

"Bless me! I don't know. But it seems like going into a tomb."

At this point James opened the door. Seeing two strangers, he bowed respectfully.

"Mr. Forde in?" asked Blake.

"No, sir; he is not," in a polite tone.

"Not in! But he will be, shortly? I suppose we may step in and wait until his return."

"Mr. Forde's left town, sir."

A scarce perceptible frown appeared on Blake's brow; and Crewly, screwing his mouth into its habitual pucker, looked at the servant with the hardest scrutiny of his expressionless eyes. Then the lawyer stroked his chin and said, wisely:

"There's a spider in our dumpling! or, to be idiomatic, our flea's jumped!"

Blake asked no more questions, and turned away.

"How's that for beat?" Crewly inquired, when they had walked a short distance.

Wat Blake was unusually silent. Forde gone! Did he mean to defy him?—to defy Bertha's order? And, finally, was the object of his flight to escape them, that he might sacrifice Eola?

The reader knows how to answer these questions, but Wat Blake did not, and his mind was so absorbed that he paid no heed to his companion's remark.

"Umph! lost your tongue, eh, Wat. Blake?"

"Mr. Crewly, I am perplexed"—striving to shake off the unpleasant surmises which volumed in his brain. "I can not think otherwise than that Forde has fled, in order to defuse us and satisfy the demands of Harold Haxon! Yet, how can that be?"—relapsing into his meditative humor—"when he knows we will not permit his escape!—we will not allow the consummation of such villainy!"

"What's the new dodge with them, eh?"

"Why, to have Eola marry Harold Haxon."

"Oh, yes; certainly. I forgot. Excuse me."

"I am in a quandary," pursued Blake; and Crewly inserted, with comical gravity:

"Whether it is better to stay beat, or, acting, beat the beaters in the game, and prove one's self a plotter for one's good."

"See? Now then, wake up. Ahem! No time to lose. Forde's vamosed. So, Logic: after him, with a jump—"

"But how?"

"Ay, there's the rub!" finished Crewly,

in the words of the poet; and he added:

"Now, you see, or you don't see, but you ought to, and maybe you will—they've left town."

"Yes."

"Exactly. And we're to find out where they've gone."

"Yes, yes; but I ask again, 'how?'"

"Well, that's something I can't say."

What little hopes had been inspired by the lawyer's manner were dashed down by these words; and Blake felt a slight anger toward the other for his delusive speeches.

But Crewly had accomplished his object.

Blake was aroused, and he walked along faster.

They repaired straightway back to Mrs. Lerner's boarding-house.

In fact, Blake was very anxious to return there soon; fearing that Bertha might start for Forde's.

She had not gone out when they arrived, and was, with Ora, in Austin's room.

Wat Blake, upon entering, threw himself into the nearest chair, without a word.

He wore a frown, and seemed bent upon maintaining a mysterious silence.

Crewly was also silent; but his movements were more elaborate than Blake's.

Gently depositing his hat on the table, and standing his umbrella in the corner, he approached a chair, twisted his lank limbs, worm-like, together, and letting his pointed chin fall between his hands—while his elbows were insecurely fixed upon the armrests—he gazed steadfastly at the carpet, as if striving to remind himself of something he could not recollect.

Bertha marked the troubled look on her brother's face, and knew that some unusual circumstance had crossed him.

"Has anything happened, Wat?" she asked, quietly.

"Yes," he said, and the tone was so vehement that Crewly's arm slipped, and that individual jumped all over.

The lawyer's comical figure evidently broke the spell of Blake's half-sullen state, for he added, more calmly:

"Yes, sister, something has happened. Forde has left the city."

She started visibly; and Austin Burns, at mention of the father of his betrothed, listened interestedly.

"Gone, Wat!" Bertha exclaimed.

"Where to?"

"I do not know."

"But did you not ask?"

"Hang it!" said Crewly; "it's all Wat. Blake's fault. No—ahem! we forgot to tell him about it."

Bertha was somewhat excited by the intelligence they brought. At first, she could not realize it; then it burst upon her.

"He must be found!" she cried. "It will never do to let him escape us in this way—never!"

"How can it be helped?"

"But it must be helped!—must, I say," was her quick rejoinder.

"Are we to be so easily baffled? You do not see his plan? He flees from us that he may gratify the wishes of Harold Haxon! Eola will be sacrificed! Oh, Heaven! Back!—back to his house, and ask where he has gone. There are servants there. They will tell you."

"My dear madam—" began Crewly, seriously.

"Mr. Crewly, be quiet!" she interrupted, and he subsided.

"Christopher Crewly disappeared.

But the lawyer soon returned, saying he had a cab at the door.

He partook of the general excitement—his hat perched on the back of his head, long coat flying loosely, and umbrella occasionally flourishing aloft, he danced, jumped, squirmed around them in a half-frantic state.

Austin was placed inside the vehicle, with Bertha, Ora and Wat. Blake, and, with a defiant snarl at Dr. Cauley, the lawyer mounted to a seat beside the driver, saying:

"Now, go like the dence!—only be very careful. Go! Avoid the ruts. Go! Take the railroad track. Skoot!"

Arrived at Forde's house, James answered the violent pull at the bell. Austin Burns, supported by Blake and Crewly, stood on the steps.

"James," cried the young man, hot with the determination to learn of Eola's whereabouts, "where is Mr. Forde?—where is Eola? Answer me! I am not to be trifled with. Tell me quickly, too. You know me; you know I am one to keep my word; and I tell you, James, if I do not obtain the information I seek, there shall be suffering."

And weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!" put in Crewly, with a scowl at James.

Quite unexpectedly, the servant said:

"I'll tell you, Mr. Burns; but I wouldn't tell anybody else."

"Then be quick!—quick!" Austin's impatience was without bounds.

"Do you hear?—quick!" said Crewly, resolved to have a word.

"Well, Miss Forde gave me a letter for you, Mr. Burns—"

Without more ado, James produced the letter, and, in a second, Austin was reading it.

"DEAR, DEAR AUSTIN:

"To escape—what, I can not say—father and I have gone to Washington. I must see you, for my poor heart is nearly breaking, and my strength failing; under a great tax that I can not now explain. Follow me as soon as you can. Your own EOLA."

With a laugh which was half that of a maniac—so great was the reaction from despair to joy—the young man turned and staggered down the steps, toward the cab, breaking from his supporters, who sprung after him, fearing he would fall.

"To Washington!" he gasped, sinking back upon the cushions.

"Now—ahem! look, if you don't take things more coolly, you'll have brain fever."

"Fact," declared Crewly, with the air of an emphatic philosopher; and turning to Wat. Blake, he continued:

"Where to, now? Better keep Burns quiet—Stop! there's my umbrella, upon the steps." James considerably brought him the valued article.

Blake consulted his watch.

"Three o'clock. The train leaves at four. So we have an hour yet. Back to Mrs. Lerner's."

Again the lawyer mounted to the box, and the cab drove off.

In due time, they were at the depot, and Crewly, having purchased the tickets, exclaimed, while he jammed his hat tighter on his head, and thumped his umbrella on the planks:

"Now, then, we're after 'em with a hot stick. Ahem! Hurry up. Cars are going."

Sight of this party was what startled Bret and Haxon, as these two, also in pursuit of Forde, stood upon the platform of the car.

But the villains were not seen. Bret, being first to recover from his surprise, pulled Haxon backward, into the car, in time to escape observation.

The young man's reveries were interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Cauley. Feeling Austin's pulse, the physician said, gravely:

"Madam, there's something wrong. Um! young man's excited—considerably excited. Whether it is better to stay beat, or, acting, beat the beaters in the game, and prove one's self a plotter for one's good?"

"See? Now then, wake up. Ahem! No time to lose. Forde's vamosed. So, Logic: after him, with a jump—"

"But I want air," said Austin, who could think of nothing but Eola; "I am nearly choking! I must get up!"

"Choking! Wonderful! Get up? Ridiculous! Madam, has he been eating any thing injurious? Strange case—very remarkable! Left him improving this morning; now he's in a high state of excitement. Dangerous! Madam, I ask what's the matter?"

"I want to tell you, Dr. Cauley," said Austin, "that I am nearly choking."

"Young man, retain your—hold wrist

still—senses, and—wait till I feel your pulse again!—explain what's—very queer case!—the matter, eh? Extraordinary!

"I am in a m—m!"

"Despondency oftentimes chills the lips and paralyzes the voice; and Bertha, in striving to be calm, had grown despondent.

She only looked at him and smiled as she shook her head; while he rattled on:

"Young man, retain your—hold wrist

still—senses, and—wait till I feel your pulse again!—explain what's—very queer case!—the matter, eh? Extraordinary!

"I am in a m—m!"

# SATURDAY JOURNAL

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## THE DARK SECRET!

With this issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we commence the long-promised and truly STAR SERIAL, from the pen of

Cousin May Carleton,

(Mrs. May Agnes Fleming)

VIZ.:

**The Dark Secret!** which, in several respects, must be regarded as one of the most finished and perfect of all the author's productions. The copyright of

## THE DARK SECRET,

we secured some time since, confident that its author never would produce a more powerful work. We had determined to use it with the beginning of the New Year; but, desiring not to interfere with the issue, by a cotemporary, of a story by the same author, we now give it

**THE DARK SECRET** combines in itself two or three concurrent romances, each with its distinct set of characters and acts, but all of which are so subtly interwoven that the novel must be pronounced a marvel of inventive skill! and a splendid triumph of literary art. In originality of conception, in strength of character and power of plot, it is not too much to affirm that

## THE DARK SECRET

is equal to the best of all Wilkie Collins' works.—"The Woman in White," while in its exquisite humor and oddity—in the reckless abandon of its prime hero, a young woman—in the sustained interest of its mystery and novel relations, it far transcends any thing that the great English romancer has yet produced. Its characters, old Captain Nick Tempest—the mysterious Spanish lad, Jacinto, the old Hecate, Mother Grizzel—Captain Jack, the daring and beautiful little mistress of the Manor—the Earl's brother, the gallant young Guardsman—the child, Oriole, etc., etc., all are such as will render

## THE DARK SECRET

one of the most telling and sought-for stories of the year.

## Our Arm-Chair.

**Eyebrows.**—Of course there is great expression or "language" in the eyebrows. To the shrewd physiognomist they reveal more of what is in the person's thoughts and feelings than any other single feature.

"The eyebrows alone," said Lavater, the prince of physiognomists, "often give the positive expression of the character." "Part of the soul," says Pliny, the elder, "resides in the eyebrows, which move at the command of the will." Le Brun, in his treatise on the passions, says, "that the eyebrows are the least equivocal interpreters of the emotions of the heart and of the affections of the soul."

No formal instruction, or dictionary of expression, can be given—each person's expression being his or her own alone. But, what the eyebrows say can soon be learned by a careful study of each subject.

**The Tallest Men.**—Statistics obtained during the late war, by Prof. Gould, by careful collaborations from the Army Register of two and one-half million of men, give us some curious and suggestive data. As for instance:

"Men gain their maximum stature at different ages in different States. After thirty-five the stature begins to decrease. Foreigners are in the average, smaller than native born Americans. But, what is very singular is ascertained that, as we go to the West men grow taller. Out of the million of men enlisted west of the Alleghenies there were five hundred who measured more than six feet four inches, but men of such stature do not wear well. In Maine men reach their greatest height at twenty-seven, in New Hampshire at thirty-five, in Massachusetts at thirty-one. The tallest men, of sixty-nine inches, come from Iowa. Maine, Vermont, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota and Missouri give us men of a little over sixty-eight, and the average of all shows the Americans to be a very tall people."

**What Constitutes a MS.**—A lady friend, whose contribution we were constrained to return as "imperfect," asks us, "What constitutes a perfect manuscript?" We may say, speaking generally, that good grammar, correct orthography and precision of punctuation are prime essentials. A secondary essential is a good style, or force and clearness of expression. A desirable quality is good chirography, penned on white paper, so as to be easily read. Bad chirography, or close, crowded lines, are an editor's and printer's horror, and many manuscripts hard to read, are given the "go-by" simply because the editor has not the time, or patience, to *work out* their meaning.

**Burst His Buttons Off.**—Some people are so matter-of-fact, that a joke is incomprehensible to them, and as for humor—why, they wonder why in the world the Insane Asylums don't seize Mark Twain, Josiah Billings, Whitchorn and Beat Time. Such people are as methodic as machines and as unimpressive as oxen. A scorched and half-dead tree is just as beautiful, in their eyes, as a tree in full verdure, and the music of tomcats is as agreeable as the songs of birds. They go through life with one-half of their nature hermetically sealed—the smiling, joyous, genial half; and when they die people may sigh but do not mourn long.

There is another class, however, which comprises a vast majority of the human race, that loves the humorous as a fish loves purring waters, or birds love whispering trees. They love to laugh, and, even in sorrow or trouble welcome a word that will provoke a smile. To

this class our humorists are a special delight. Every mail is likely to bring to us such letters as this one now before us, from Marbridge, Conn.:

"If it will not be telling tales, I should very much like to know Washington Whitehorn's *real* name. Whenever I have an attack of the blues, I read one or more of his 'papers'—enough to thoroughly dissipate the attack. I recently read several of his 'Episodes' to a friend, and I really thought he

would."

"Buy five buttons off  
And expire in his glee."

Washington is a public benefactor, notwithstanding he does leave his washing bills unpaid, and eats the preserves contributed to the Timbuctoo Mission. At present, he prefers that his identity should remain "in a horn," as enemies, envious of his fame, might wreak fearful vengeance on him for some of his Startling Exposures.

## HAPPINESS.

WERE you to propound the query of "What is true happiness?" I think you would hardly get two answers alike, because each one of us has a separate idea of the same.

The child's happiness consists in its looking forward to the time when it shall be free from parental restraints, and roam about just as it has a mind to. It thinks there will be nobody to scold it then, and it will be as good as "grown-up folks." What a pity it should be disappointed when it becomes older—that the delicious fruit should turn out to be "Dead Sea apples."

The editor would be happy if all manuscripts sent to him was legibly written, and contained a good plot, well carried out, strikingly original, and the author did not want an immense price for it. But I regret to state that these "foretastes of heaven" are few and far between. They have too much wading through of sickly nonsense to do, and then have to decline it.

The lover does not care a straw for all the MSS. in the universe, unless it be in the shape of love missives from his inamorata; his happiness lies in her society—in the moonlight rambles, the low, sweet talk, and the pleasing answer of "Yes" to his all-important question of "Will you be mine?"

Then there's the rich Millificent Rivers, looking forward to a brilliant wedding, plenty of presents, plenty of money and a life of pleasure. That's her idea of happiness.

And the poor sewing-girl, Addie Sidney—she has no future that looks bright. It is all slavery to her. Day after day must she go through the same drudgery. But an end will come to it, when her body is carried into the "city of the dead," and her happiness consists in looking forward to that long and last rest.

This gossip luxuriates in some new piece of scandal to set afloat on the air, and the more damaging to a person's character, the greater happiness does she take in spreading it. Fertile imaginations are these gossip-sabots (?) with; for, if the story isn't quite bad enough, they can add a little to it. I never could understand the happiness won in making another person miserable.

An actor finds his happiness in the applause of his audience. It is singular how the clapping of hands and stamping of feet give a person encouragement; but it does.

Now, I suppose I ought to tell you where the happiness of an author comes in. It's striking near home, to be sure, but—never mind. Well, we desire to have good ink, pens that won't travel over the paper with the spring halt, paper that will not be full of specks, ideas that are not second hand, a good editor, who will

"Be to our faults a little blind,  
And to our merits very kind."

one who will not cut out our best ideas, but will call the manuscript "excellent" and immediately send us a crisp greenback. Then we want a printer who will set up our copy all correct.

But all these things are a sort of selfish happiness. It is all Number One, but decidedly like human nature. It would be better for us to look after Number Two a little more, and have our happiness consist in making others happy. Bless your hearts, there is real pleasure in *that*—pleasure that will be lasting, pleasure that will benefit yourselves and others, too. And it costs so little; a kind word here and a good deed there are not things to cause you a great deal of labor. It will employ many an otherwise idle moment, until you will long for other objects on which to bestow your attention, and it will make you find what you have vainly sought for before—true happiness. But don't get discouraged if your kindness is not appreciated, because the poor are not used to an overflow of goods and, they are often a stranger to me.

## AT SUNSET.

Was it real, or did I only fancy it?

Far away beyond the low-lying moor, dim with gathering mist, far away beyond the hills, through which came glimpses of the sea lying in golden light, beyond that glorious sea itself the half-sun seemed to hang a moment on the horizon ere its splendor should be wholly withdrawn to cheer the mystic shores of that unseen and unknown world of the west. Only a moment, and the drifting clouds above it—forming a triumphal arch for the passage of the fairest day that ever brightened above my life—took the sunset, and the western sky became one grand, Hesperian blossom. Only a moment and in that moment that seemed to hasten its sands there came out of the gate of the sunset, floating over the sea, and over the hills, and over the moor, something sweeter than music, something stiller than song; a die-away, something, sweet, half-heard and tremulous, faint as the vesper music of Elfinland borne on some wandering wind over the sea and over the hills and over the moor, dying at my ear; and it seemed softer than a whisper which memory comes back with from the eras of old when love was at fault, and that whisper breathes forgiveness.

Was it fancied or real?

And my mind filled with ancient awe when I thought of the sweet mythologies and all the old Merlin prophecies that will forever haunt the sunset and the western sea; and I thought those mirage-clouds seemed reflections of the Blessed Isles that drift forever in a sea of calm where no man's ship can sail, above which the sun sleeps, and where on golden beaches wander the passionless crowds of immortality; they ought to shock, whose scorn they ought to provoke. Must they appeal to women as their abettors? Alas! that indifference, ease, indifference, recklessness, should have the face to say for a moment that Americans give them countenance. Alas!

goes before it; and I imagined that what I seemed to hear and that song might be the same.

And as I leaned there upon my window sill, while the sunset still stained my western panes, and my heart was burning with the days *memento mori*, and all the sense of my life was thrilled with that nameless tone or token as if it were a summons from Heaven, my spirit seemed to strive with its clay, longing to burst its bands and wing its way over the moor, and over the hills, and over the sea, and far on and farther into that sunset silence, between those clouds that seemed like islands of fire adrift in a mist of golden spray, only to hear it again.

But, the moment's sands were running; the hues faded from my window panes; the glory was gone from the distant sea; the clouds drifted, wan and homely again, across the western gray and the sun was down; and, trying to remember that music that must forever be forgotten, I leaned upon my sill like one who wakes at morning from dreaming something sweet of something he never shall know.

There was music on the night,  
Far away and faintly swelling,  
From what realms of spheric light?  
From what realms of airy dwelling?

Did the spirit split in twain,  
On the search of strange afar,  
While the old strain it strong to plead  
Still with Heaven's golden weather?

Oh, that I had caught the theme—  
That a tone I might have taken,  
And, assured it was no dream,  
Feit my soul with joy awaken.

A. W. B.

## WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN?

THIS question has intruded itself on my mind a great many times, but never more frequently than of late, and I am fast coming to the conclusion that the whole race of men are becoming extinct, so often do I hear the term "gentleman" applied, it seems to me, indiscriminately. I used to imagine that every person to whom the title was applied was a gentleman, but I have since discovered my mistake.

Is a man a gentleman when he profanes the air with an oath? when he stands puffing the smoke from his cigar into the face of every lady who passes him? Suppose he does wear fine clothes, kid gloves, and carries a cane. I have often thought that the cane could be put to a much better use if it were in the hands of a sensible person.

I have frequently seen, riding in our street cars, a species of "scented fops," who, when the car stops and an aged lady enters, become suddenly and apparently very much interested in their newspapers. Are they gentlemen? If a young lady were to enter the car, dressed in the light of fashion, they would spring, almost simultaneously, from their seats, with a bow and a smile "childlike and bland," and a "please take my seat," thinking, no doubt, that they had performed a praiseworthy action.

Shall we be compelled to acknowledge every rogue a gentleman because he wears glittering jewels in his shirt front and on his fingers? Because he wears the most fashionable clothes, and carries a handkerchief highly scented with Lubin's and Phalon's latest extracts? In short, because his pockets are well lined with money, shall we spoil the good gentleman by applying it to him? No matter if he does belong to the "upper ten thousand"—he is a rogue, nevertheless.

Is a man a gentleman when he stands on a street corner and passes insulting remarks upon every lady's appearance who passes him? Stop and think, young man, before you begin to practice such habits. Think of your sisters, if you have any, who are exposed to a similar fire of insults from other "corner loafers."

There are men, in working clothes, hard hands and rough shoes, who would scorn to pollute the air with an oath, or puff smoke in a lady's face; who would rush, unhesitatingly, into any danger to assist a sufferer; yet who calls them gentlemen? Very few, I'm afraid; but if anybody possesses the elements of a true gentleman, such a man does.

A true gentleman is above a mean word or action; he tramples upon or wounds nobody's feelings, and he possesses what money cannot buy, no matter whether he wears broadcloth or shoddy, which is "an honest heart and a clear conscience."

A great many men are unconscious of the time of their performance of actions which, if they were to be considered in their proper light, ought to banish them from decent society.

Among these actions may be mentioned the filthy habit of spitting large quantities of tobacco-juice upon the floor of omnibuses, cars, and, in fact, everywhere. Such conduct is not characteristic of a gentleman, and ought not to be tolerated for a moment.

There is so much of the false in our adoption of the word gentleman that I should be glad to give it up, and honor the good, true and the brave with the single term "Man." The word gentleman is too broad now in its application to be much of an honor.

JAMES B. HENLEY.

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

III.

A GRAVE responsibility rests on women here. They are not doing their duty. Why is society coarse and flippant? Why do young men seek the company of mercenary women? Why do gentlemen frequent the club, the billiard-room, the theater? Why are gentlemen reluctant to go into company, preferring the evening newspaper or the evening nap on the sofa? These young men, wandering away into temptation, are they not a reproach to the women who ought to draw them within the reach of their fascination? The mighty frequenters of the club-house and billiard-rooms, and of worse places, are they not a reproach to the women, the charm of whose society ought to make it impossible to waste the evening hours in foolishness? The crowded haunts of dissipation cry out against the dark and silent parlors which should be alive with happy guests, delighting and improving each other.

Most social prejudices, absurd customs, stupid and illiberal habits, instituted follies, established evils, organized wrongs, exist by the sufferance of women, whose delicacy they ought to shock, whose scorn they ought to provoke. Must they appeal to women as their abettors? Alas! that indifference, ease, indifference, recklessness, should have the face to say for a moment that Americans give them countenance. Alas!

that a mean consideration should claim women on its side! Alas! that the bitter words, "Frailty, thy name is woman," should ever be spoken now. No, no. Be it the privilege of our women to dispense with them! Is it not the privilege of our American women to substitute for better words, like these: Truth, thy name is woman. Intelligence, thy name is woman. Agreeableness, thy name is woman. Purity, simplicity, earnestness, thy name is woman! Till we can say this, or something like it, we shall be unable to say that society is what it ought to be, or that women are faithful to their duties in society. C. T.

## Foolscap Papers.

### The Discovery of America.

FOR many ages Europe had been overrun by vague reports of the existence of a new world beyond the Atlantic, where freedom of speech was allowed and the Constitution guaranteed the utmost liberty to all who could maintain it—of a vast undiscovered land, divided into States, with a Governor to each and a President over all—of a country where you could get all the money you'd want, provided you didn't want much, merely by working, and then waiting a good while for it; a land where official positions meant plenty of money and no questions asked. The Europeans had also faint ideas that the aborigines, or people inhabiting this glorious unknown country, had a Congress where they would send the most unmanageable to get rid of them, and there was centered the wind from the four quarters of this land, and there these grand sachems whirled the torch of war, or smoked the pipe of peace, and drank the wine of contention, and slept.

The editor would be happy if all manuscripts sent to him was legibly written, and contained a good plot, well carried out, strikingly original, and the author did not want an immense price for it. But I regret to state that these "foretastes of heaven" are few and far between. They have too much wading through of sickly nonsense to do, and then have to decline it.

The lover does not care a straw for all the MSS. in the universe, unless it be in the shape of love missives from his inamorata;

the man the world over is in the same boat.

Isinand and Ferdiella were at that time King of Spain and to them applied for an outfit to reach America. They said it was impossible to do anything of the kind. He said it was no more impossible than to make an egg stand on end. They said that couldn't be done. He said, "Bring me an egg and I will show you an eggs-ample!"

The queen ran out to the barn and came back with an egg. Columbus broke one end of it, stuck out the contents, and stood it upon the table, remarking that it was very easy if you only knew how—a remark that boasts of an extended modern circulation. They immediately gave him three small steamers, whose boilers were very frail. He wanted them to charter the Great Eastern so that he could go over in one ship instead of having to go over in three; so he set sail and steamed out of port in

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

5

## MOTHERLESS.

BY EBEN REED.

Two children sitting all alone,  
With twilight shadows round them grown.  
And one, a baby, cries, to miss  
His mother's arms and mother's kiss.  
"Hush, dearie," says the other one,  
As gently as she would have done.  
"Dear mother's dead. She went away  
To heaven, I heard the preacher say.  
She can not come to us, you know,  
Because the angels love her so."  
Dear child, you do not comprehend,  
How life and death together blend?  
Though dead, your mother hovers near  
Her children, now grown doubly dear.  
She loves you, and her love will stir  
Your souls, and draw them on to her.  
You never are alone, for she,  
Your angel, always near will be,  
To guide and guard your feet, and make  
Dear heaven more dear, for her sweet sake.

## How He Was Cured.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A SPACIOUS apartment, whose walls were richly painted, and whose lofty ceiling was hung in fluted draperies of orange-satin; an Axminster carpet on the floor that cost enough to have built and furnished a cottage for a poor man; sofas, arm-chairs, ottomans, lounging-nests of black rosewood, upholstered in orange-satin and deep, thick bullion fringe; buhl cabinets; inlaid silver and ebony brackets; marble pedestals for the bronzes and statuettes that were arranged with such unstudied artistic grace. It was the drawing-room in a palatial mansion on Fifth Avenue, owned and occupied by a young man of luxurious, aesthetic tastes, whose balance at his banker's was large enough to indulge his extravagant habits; a frank, fashionable, handsome young fellow, whom no amount of petting and flattery had spoiled. Just now, this lordly young Travice Leviston—that was his name—was reclining in one of those orange-satin lounging-nests, very much at his ease, with his No. 5 1/2 booted foot on the steel fender of the grate, and a fragrant cigar in his mouth—a handsome mouth it was too, with its white, regular teeth, that did not at all remind you of the dentist's handiwork, perfect though they were, and a bright, heavy brown mustache, that matched his eyes and hair.

"I mean just what I say, Craven, and when I insist that I wouldn't be introduced to her for all the wide world, and what it contains, perhaps you'll believe me."

He leaned lazily back, blowing smoky rings out of his mouth.

"And I say it's a prejudice unworthy of you, Leviston, and your usually liberal views."

"Look here, Tony Craven," and Travice turned his eyes around so he commanded his companion's face. "Just let me remind you, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of one of these wonderful women once upon a time—an authoress, it was, whom some smitten fellow or other ranted to me about until I caught the fever, and—went like a lamb to the slaughter. Heavens, Craven, that authoress—a sketch-writer for some of our leading weeklies, too!—you ought to have seen her!"

For the life of him, Craven had to laugh, so lugubrious Travice Leviston's face had grown.

"That may be, old fellow; but this lady I want you to meet is not an authoress, or an actress, or even a—

"But she's ten million times worse than any, or all! Bless you, the very word 'drestess' sends cold shivers down my back-bone! Why, I'd die like a puppy before I'd let one of 'em touch me!"

And Mr. Leviston began a promenade in the long room, his feelings becoming too much for him.

"Yes, Miss Hammond is a drestess—but such a lovely girl! such eyes!—why, Travice, they remind me of—of—"

"None of your sentimental now, Craven! I tell you that tall, slim, watery-eyed authoress finished me; and I'll consent to be chopped up for sausage-meat before I'll ever speak to another of these brazen, unwomanly 'professionals.' Besides, Craven—" and Leviston drew a long breath, and glanced deprecatingly at Craven—"I've seen my ideal, you know; met her on Lexington Avenue, a week or so ago, driving along in the most stylish little phæton I ever saw—blue velvet cushions and blue hangings. The way she handled the ribbons was simply perfect, Craven; nobody but a thorough horseman could have managed that black pony."

Roscoe Craven smiled—with a trace of sarcasm in it.

"Fast, most likely, Travice!"

"Fast!" returned Leviston, indignantly. "I tell you she was a perfect lady, in act and appearance. Such bewildering golden-brown hair—"

"There, no sentiment, you know, Leviston. Have a seat in my coupe, up to Delmonico's, for lunch? He's got some of the finest lobster, a la condaise, I ever tasted."

Farmer Durand's farm-house was a long, low stone building, with windows overrun with fragrant roses, and innumerable trellises hidden by a perfect bloom of star-eyed clematis and the waxy trumpets of woodbine. It stood on the edge of a gentle slope, a very bower of rural beauty, that commanded a view of Long Island Sound just in front, dotted with the white sails.

"Well, Leviston, how do you like it by this time? Or is two weeks too little a while to judge in?"

"Don't ask me how I like any thing! I feel as savage as a meat-ax, with this confounded, mean, miserable headache, that must have come at Satan's own instigation."

He was lying at full length on a rustic bench just on the edge of the green slope, his handsome face flushed and weary.

"Hasn't it got better, then? You don't look well, that's a fact, Travice."

Craven looked anxiously down at him.

"I can't bear anybody to look at me when I'm not well, Roscoe—don't! There—I'm as cross as a sick bear, ain't I? But you'd be, too, if your head felt as if a ton of lead were crushing your brains in. My heart beats, too."

"Does it? That's something very remarkable. It seems to me, mine does, too."

"Humph! You know what I mean, well enough. I will go to my room and lie down awhile."

He walked to the house in a tired sort of way that hurt Craven to see, and he threw

away his half-smoked cigar (an immense sacrifice that, to some men) and followed him.

"You are sick, Travice. Mr. Durand must ride over to Elm Cove for a doctor."

"Well," Leviston assented, languidly, and then good Mrs. Durand came in with an armful of lavender-scented linen.

"This youngster appears to be under the weather somewhat, Mrs. Durand. Who's your physician—is he skillful?"

"Skillful! Bless your dear hearts, gentlemen, I never see anybody who has the bilious fever so bad as my man, and the way she brought him through was beautiful!"

But her praise was lost on Travice, who fairly screamed out:

"She, was it? Well, don't you bring any of her here—mind that, Craven!"

"But, Dr. Lillian Hammond is a proper smart woman, now, Mr. Leviston. You'd ought to see how she raised Mrs. Smith's baby with the cholera infant!"

"What the devil what do I care about Mrs. Smith's baby? Craven, go straight for Dr. Ellis, at the Cove—mind now!"

Travice was talking loudly and excitedly, and it was patent that a fever of some sort was setting in, so Craven started off without further ado.

But Dr. Ellis and his partner were both away on a vacation, and there was no one to help poor Travice but this Dr. Lillian Hammond, who was rusticking and working, both at once, in the quiet little village.

So Craven was forced to take her with him, and on the way, being acquaintances, he amused her with the story of her patient's prejudice. She laughed, and declared that was one of the first symptoms she had to deal with, generally.

At the sick-room door, Mrs. Durand met them, and explained that Travice was as "crazy as a loon," which was a slight relief to Craven, in one sense.

With gentle, skillful, yet strong hands, Miss Hammond quieted him as he tossed restlessly; and then, when she had prepared his medicine, with her own hands bathed his hot forehead and dry hands.

"An angel—an angel, with such a cool touch; the same I saw in the pony phæton, whose blue hangings matched the bright, gold hair. Craven! I say, Roscoe!—that strong-minded female who killed the Smith baby with a cholera infant ain't coming here, you know! Dr. Ellis, you're a skillful man—a skillful man. Give me your hand!"

And Travice clasped Craven's hand in his hot grasp.

"Oh, how hot your hand is! Where's that golden-haired girl I saw in the pony phæton? Wasn't she here just now?"

And this lovely, bronze-haired girl, who was soothing Travice Leviston, blushed from her forehead to her very finger-tips.

"It is a strange coincidence, Miss Hammond, isn't it?"

"Hush, Mr. Craven! voices excite him. He is going to have the typhoid fever."

And, all through those six long weeks that followed, Miss Hammond kept daily watch and ward over him, until one day when she said he would awake to consciousness before sunset; then she had sudden, pressing engagements elsewhere.

But the sick man missed her at once; and in his weak, nervous condition Mrs. Durand and Craven told him of a friend of theirs—a "Lillie," who had dropped in to take care of him.

And willful Travice insisted on having her come again. So she came, radiant in her sweet, fresh beauty, so retiring in her womanly grace; and the moment Travice saw her he knew her for the ideal he had loved so long, in health and sickness.

" Didn't I see you often, driving in a blue-lined pony phæton, Miss Lillie?" he asked, before he was able to sit up by the sunny window—it was October, now.

And she flushed deliciously, as if ashamed to acknowledge she had as well seen him.

"I think it is likely; my phæton is trimmed in blue."

He was in love with her, and no doubt, this lovely girl, who was so gentle and charming. And one day when she came in his room, he told her so, in the ardent, willful way that went straight to her heart.

"But, I've a secret to tell before I can answer. May I tell it?"

He laughed, and nodded yes.

Very gravely—for how would this affect them? she took a card from her case and silently laid it on his knee.

He started, blushed like a woman, then glanced beseechingly at her eloquent face.

The card read: "Lillian Hammond, M. D."

The tears rushed to her eyes.

"Travie, Travie, my darling! don't hate me for it!"

"Hate you—hate you, my savior! my own, my own!"

And in that silent embrace that followed, she knew it was for life and death that she was truly his own.

N. B.—Mrs. Travice Leviston did not resume the practice of her profession after her marriage.

## Adria, the Adopted:

or,

The Mystery of Ellesford Grange.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,

AUTHOR OF "BRANDEZ," "SEA HARVEST," "NYMPHIA'S BRAVERY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Colonel Templeton was in his library. It was a light, cozy nook fitted with shelves and cases, a desk, a table, and one or two lounging-chairs. It communicated with a suit comprising sitting and breakfast-rooms, but the folding-doors belonging to this immediate apartment had been double; professedly in consideration that Colonel Templeton's ready cash was always stored in his desk rendering the necessity of security; probably to insure his private consultations from eavesdropping propensities of his retainers.

He glanced up as his son entered, but continued his work of assorting loose papers which littered the table before him. He was a methodical man of business. The bills and receipts properly packaged and labeled, he turned with sharp scrutiny to Reginald who was still standing.

The young man was looking heavy-eyed and haggard. His hair was disheveled and dress carelessly worn. Truth to tell he had slept none the previous night, and had come in daylight from a scene of bacchanalian revelry. But he inherited his father's iron

constitution, and the excesses which would have utterly debased most of men told but slightly on him.

"You are dissipating too heavily, Reginald," said his father calmly. "A befogged brain will never accomplish your object."

"One must take some comfort in life," returned the other doggedly. "I think you will find me clear enough to comprehend any thing you may wish to impart."

There was but little sympathy between the two. They were much alike; pitiless, unyielding, unscrupulous. Their dispositions tallied nearly as cynical middle-age and impulsive youth can.

"Sit down," said the older man, pointing to a chair into which Reginald sunk gloomily.

"Well," Leviston assented, languidly, and then good Mrs. Durand came in with an armful of lavender-scented linen.

"This youngster appears to be under the weather somewhat, Mrs. Durand. Who's your physician—is he skillful?"

"Skillful! Bless your dear hearts, gentlemen, I never see anybody who has the bilious fever so bad as my man, and the way she brought him through was beautiful!"

But her praise was lost on Travice, who fairly screamed out:

"She, was it? Well, don't you bring any of her here—mind that, Craven!"

"But, Dr. Lillian Hammond is a proper smart woman, now, Mr. Leviston. You'd ought to see how she raised Mrs. Smith's baby with the cholera infant!"

"What the devil what do I care about Mrs. Smith's baby? Craven, go straight for Dr. Ellis, at the Cove—mind now!"

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And this lovely, bronze-haired girl, who was soothing Travice Leviston, blushed from her forehead to her very finger-tips.

"It is a strange coincidence, Miss Hammond, isn't it?"

"Hush, Mr. Craven! voices excite him. He is going to have the typhoid fever."

And all through those six long weeks that followed, Miss Hammond kept daily watch and ward over him, until one day when she said he would awake to consciousness before sunset; then she had sudden, pressing engagements elsewhere.

"I think it is likely; my phæton is trimmed in blue."

He was in love with her, and no doubt, this lovely girl, who was so gentle and charming. And one day when she came in his room, he told her so, in the ardent, willful way that went straight to her heart.

"But, I've a secret to tell before I can answer. May I tell it?"

He laughed, and nodded yes.

Very gravely—for how would this affect them? she took a card from her case and silently laid it on his knee.

He started, blushed like a woman, then glanced beseechingly at her eloquent face.

The card read: "Lillian Hammond, M. D."

The tears rushed to her eyes.

"If your filial duty suggests such a course I shall not refuse your kindness."

Reginald's lip curled scornfully.

"How much?" he asked.

"You shall yourself determine the amount retained. I shall require the loan of twenty thousand dollars for a few weeks."

Reginald started to his feet with an oath.

down, and permit almost any liberty with him. He seemed to regard his conqueror with real affection, and to feel a pleasure in anticipating his wishes.

Old Grizzly had ridden upon the back of Sampson, but it was done while the brute was under a spell of terror, and the animal manifested a curious repugnance against any one sitting upon his whale-like back.

"Yer've got to come to it!" exclaimed old Adams, somewhat petulantly. "Yer've got to carry me on yer back, and anybody else that wants to. Come, now, that's a good fell'er."

The bear was down, and the hunter put one of his long legs over his back, and then sat down rather gingerly.

Sampson gave an angry snort, and rising upon his forefeet, Old Grizzly slid down his smooth back upon the ground again.

"I wonder ef yer could hold any more," muttered the old man, as he stepped back and viewed the ponderous proportions of the creature. "Ef I thought you could, I'd cram several more buffers down yer throat, and then mebbe you'd be a little more docile—confound yer!"

He now began "operating" upon the eye of the animal—gesticulating and motioning in a way that made it look as if he were teaching him the deaf and dumb alphabet.

It soon produced its effect; the bear was plainly a great deal more subdued, and when Old Grizzly vaulted up from the ground, alighting like an athlete upon his back, the brute made no resistance, and indeed showed no repugnance at all.

"Thar!" exclaimed the delighted bear-tamer. "I think that ar's a success."

Old Grizzly had a peculiarly-made saddle, intended expressly to be used in riding Sampson, but he concluded that he would not put him under this at present. Those who saw the bear-tamer in after years, will remember that he took great pride in displaying it to the admiring thousands who came to see the monster himself.

The shaggy hair of the brute afforded a ready means for grasping and for holding one's self securely upon the great back of the animal, and so, slinging his rifle over his shoulder, where it was securely fastened, Old Grizzly clenched the hair of his pet and started him off, with the dog Blinker trotting at their side.

"Now, my ole Butterfly," called out the delighted hunter, "let's see what yer made of!"

The slow walk upon which Sampson started rapidly increased to an elephantine trot, while the rider showed as much delight as a schoolboy.

"Won't we wake up the varmints when we land among 'em? Wal, I rather guess we will. This yer's what I call fun!"

Just then Old Grizzly Adams felt a limp brush his face, and he attempted to dodge; but he wasn't quite soon enough, and was caught beneath the chin, and turned a back sommerset off of Sampson, that trotted composedly on, leaving his master to pick him up and overtake him.

This was speedily done, the giant creature obeying his voice as obediently as Blinker could have done himself. Such a trifling weight as that of a man was not noticed when it slid from his back, but he recognized his voice, and waited patiently until the bear-tamer mounted again.

"Now, go it, Hummin' Bird!" he called out, as he settled in position; "I feel as though we war going to fetch up *someday!*"

And away went Sampson and his rider!

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### THE TRAPPER FRIEND.

THERE could be no doubt but that the Blackfeet were using every effort to capture Warrama the Avenger, and he was now very nearly caught in the outer grasp of an elaborate plan looking to that end.

From here, there, seemingly everywhere, came the sharp signal whoops of the Blackfeet who were centering all their efforts upon the single fleeing white man. The latruncular ran like a blood-hound; and, as the red-skins witnessed the speed with which the fugitive ran, their rifles began cracking here and there, and the bullets literally "whistled" about the ears of Bender, who did not relax his extraordinary efforts in the least.

These shots, like the others, were intended to disable and not to kill the white man. The dreadful torture scene was that for which the Blackfeet sighed, more than they did for the actual death itself, and not until it was morally certain that the capture of the Avenger was impossible, would Big Hand have permitted his death in this sudden and, as compared with the others, painless manner.

Fortunately for Bender, as he ran, he was unharmed, and his great speed was swiftly carrying him beyond all danger from this source, when an alarming and unexpected check took place.

Scarcely a hundred yards distant and directly in front of him, three Indians arose, apparently from the very ground, and with exultant whoops made directly toward him.

This necessitated another change of direction, and the fugitive made it on the instant, but he was thrown under such manifest disadvantage that he determined to turn at bay the very moment a favorable opportunity offered.

With this purpose in view, he headed toward a rocky section, directly at the base of the mountain, of such a wild, rugged character that it looked almost impassable, even for an Alpine chamois, but he bounded upward with the agility and skill of a monkey, seeming scarcely to moderate his speed in the least.

Warrama was not compelled to search long for such a spot. In this rough, rocky place there were all sorts of chasms and caverns, but in taking refuge in one, he wished to make sure that it possessed some capability of defense.

He was descending an unusually craggy place in this manner, when he dropped almost upon the shoulders of a man of large, heavy frame, who was attired in the garb of a hunter, and who was engaged in smoking his pipe and half dozing upon a broad rock where the sun had full play upon him.

"Hullo! what's up?" he demanded, catching up his rifle and springing to his feet.

"Blackfeet!" was the significant reply of Warrama; "have you got any place where a fellow can hide?"

"Dodge right into that hole!"

The trapper explained what he meant, by plunging like a frog into a dark circular hole about three feet in diameter, and the fugitive, without a moment's hesitation, did the same.

"Now give us a boost yer," added his newly found friend, applying his ponderous

shoulder to an immense boulder, "and we'll soon shot out the rascallions."

A tremendous heave together, and the boulder tipped into position, and the two men were shut in, just as a series of whoops and yells reached their ears.

"Let 'em howl!" muttered the trapper, "and see what good it does 'em; they hasn't got in yer yet, and I reckon it'll be ten or fifteen minutes afore they does."

"This is a regular fort," remarked Warama, looking about the cavern and endeavoring to pierce the gloom.

"I've been chased in yer afore, but that hasn't any rascallion's followed me very fur—not much, I reckon."

"Don't I hear the sound of trickling water?" asked the Avenger, still vainly endeavoring to pierce the gloom behind him.

"Yas. This ole place runs back about twenty feet, and the back wall sweats so much all the time, that the water keeps droppin' down just as though there was a spring overhead."

"I should think it would make it rather damp."

"So it does, and that's what I like 'bout it; ef yer git cornered in yer for two or three days, yer see, you can get sunken to drink; that's what I was thinkin' 'bout five years ago, when I picked out this place."

"Have you been here ever since?"

"Only durin' trappin' time."

"But the trapping season is gone by—several weeks ago."

"Edzactly—but that's a *cache* a mile or two away from yer, that I come to look arter, and while I war about it, I thought I'd come up yer and take a smoke, and that's what I war doin' when you kerfummed down upon me, in a way that give me an orful skeen."

"Have you any furs in here?"

"Only one or two that I leave fur nest eggs."

"Where are you from?"

"St. Louey."

"Where is your horse?"

"He's a couple of miles away, in a grassy kyonon, eatin' grass an' waitin' till I come arter him."

"Unless the Blackfeet take him for you."

"No danger of the rascallions finding him, and if they did he wouldn't let 'em put that hands on him."

"He must be quite a sagacious brute," remarked Warrama, who was not a little pleased with his new acquaintance, who, as if the shrewdness of the horse were fully explained thereby, simply remarked :

"I trained the critter."

"Have you never been troubled by the Indians, while making this your head-quarters?"

"Oh! yes: 'xpect it reg'lar every season."

"How is it you beat them off?"

"Wal, they git tired; I keel that ar' stone over, an' afore they kin get in, they've got to roll that away, an' afore they kin roll that away, they've got to dodge about a hundred bullets from my gun, an' I haven't found the rascallion's that kin do that quite."

"You are prepared then?"

"Allers; I keep 'nough fodder in yer to last me a month or two, an' then you hear the water drop, drop, drop, all the time; so what more do yer want?"

"Have you food now?"

"Plenty of it; I'd just as lief spend a week in yer as not, fur that ain't no danger of gettin' hurt, an' you're sure to have a good chance to pick off plenty of the rascallins'."

The Avenger was about to remark that he would be glad to keep him company for such a time, when he recollects the work before him.

"Had I the time, I would be glad to stay with you; but I must get out of here before to-morrow morning at least."

"Pr'aps you can't."

"But I must, and I *shall*," was the determined reply. "If they don't make the attack right speedly, I shall go out alone."

"No, you won't, fur that they come now!"

The trapper spoke the truth!

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### \*WHAT DID THEY SEE?

It will be remembered that at the critical moment Alfred Badger and Silver Tongue had been rudely interrupted by a commotion without the strong lodge, and that the maiden, after impulsively imprinting a kiss upon her lover's forehead, had turned and fled from sight.

When Silver Tongue had entered the lodge, by consent of the Indian sentinel, other eyes had noted the incident, and it was quickly known throughout the village that the chief's daughter was in sympathy with the captive.

Jealous of any interference, and fearful that some plan was on foot to rescue their victim, the younger braves, especially the kindred of the warriors who had been slain in the council-house square, quickly assembled in the vicinity of the Young Eagle's prison place, and prepared to defeat any treachery that might be afoot.

High words soon arose between the hot-headed young men, the friends of Silver Tongue opposing any interruption, while the remainder declared that she must leave and fled from sight.

These shots, like the others, were intended to disable and not to kill the white man. The dreadful torture scene was that for which the Blackfeet sighed, more than they did for the actual death itself, and not until it was morally certain that the capture of the Avenger was impossible, would Big Hand have permitted his death in this sudden and, as compared with the others, painless manner.

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"Dodge right into that hole!"

The trapper explained what he meant, by plunging like a frog into a dark circular hole about three feet in diameter, and the fugitive, without a moment's hesitation, did the same.

"Now give us a boost yer," added his newly found friend, applying his ponderous

shoulder to an immense boulder, "and we'll soon shot out the rascallions."

The Indian youth showed his love in his looks, words, and in every gesture and movement he made, and Young Eagle, touched by his devotion, reciprocated the demonstrations, much to the delight of Leaping Elk, who said that he had seen Old Grizzly but a short time before, and that he bore a message from him.

And here the devoted youth indulged in a dissimulation, which, perhaps, was excusable under the circumstances—saying that Old Grizzly bid him say that the captive should be saved from the death to which he had been sentenced.

But the youth failed to tell by what means he was to be rescued.

This assurance, added to the feeling inspired by Silver Tongue, and the declaration of Leaping Elk, who gladly would have seen any other sacrificed a thousand times to save his new "brother", gave the captive youth the strongest hope of a fortunate turn of events.

The interview was of the most pleasing character, and, although Leaping Elk could make no definite promise, he departed with the admonition to Alfred to be prepared during the day or coming night for an attempt at rescue in some shape or other.

He had scarcely departed when the captive was startled by a most dismal wailing and moaning that must have come from hundreds of voices. He sprang to his feet, wondering what it could mean; but, after listening a moment, he sat down again, knowing the cause of such a doleful tumult.

The Blackfeet were lamenting for their warriors who had fallen the day before, in the fierce conflict in the hills, and who had just been buried. Among these were some of the best and bravest of the tribe, and their mourning was sincere and universal.

The deafening, dismal wailing and chanting was scarcely interrupted for hours, and the youth was convinced that it would be carried far into the night, and with this belief came the thought that the most favorable time for a rescue would be on this succeeding night.

"They are absorbed with mourning," he thought, "and do not dream of any such thing, but in what shape will it come? At this rate, I shall keep awake and be ready."

Only one thought gave him pain. Where was Silver Tongue? Why had she not paid him another visit? His heart had been beating fast, for several hours, under the belief that she would appear before him again.

"She may have been prevented," he added, with a sigh. "Big Hand may suspect the truth, or, perhaps, she has joined the mourners."

Attempting to console himself in this manner, he saw the day close, and the darkness of night close over the village.

Still the lamentations and wailings continued, and the guard who came in at night to bring him his food, and re-bind him, delayed his coming to an unusually late hour; but, when a partial lull succeeded the dismal looking Indian entered, placed some food before him, and then stooped down to fasten the thongs to his ankles.

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# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

quiet, except that all hands were put to work.

Then Loo began to feel ill. The confinement, the want of exercise, and change, and food, told fearfully upon her. Her eyes became unnaturally large, her cheeks pale and wan, and her whole frame shadowy and weak.

Edward saw that something must be done, and that quickly.

The fourth night, after having with great difficulty persuaded her to remain alone, he saw carefully to the loading of his gun, and began his descent toward the camp of the enemy. His design was to obtain some vegetables, and any thing else that fell in his way.

Great caution, however, was necessary, as the pirates would be on the look-out. His only course was to pass through the thicket, and thus reach his own hut, now doubtless used by the chief.

It was close to the thicket. After a long and tedious journey—but devotion will overcome every difficulty—he reached the desired spot.

The bandits slept at their camp-fires without one sentry. There was a light in the hut, but no sound of voices.

There was a small window at the back, for light and air, and this the boy buccaneer approached with intense caution.

He peered through. A rude bench sat Captain Gantling—haggard, worn, pale, his eyes sunk in his head, his cheek-bones protruding, and his whole look being that of one devoured with remorse.

He half-dozed, his eyes fixed on vacancy, while muttered words escaped his thin and livid lips.

Before him, on the table manufactured by Edward and Loo, was a small roast leg of pork, some biscuit, and an untouched bottle of wine. These Ned Drake unhesitatingly transferred to the wallet he carried—in this committing a small act of piracy, under the circumstances, quite venial.

The captain put his hand mechanically forward to reach a horn cup of brandy, and as he did so his eyes fell upon the pale and menacing countenance of Edward, one instant seen—then away.

"More tortures; is he, too, dead?—and comes he to reprove me with my crime? Will this never cease?"

His eyes fall on the table—he misses the supper, and at once the truth flashes across his mind.

"It is himself. What mystery can there be?—how came he here?"

And he stepped out, just as the figure of the boy disappeared in the thicket.

"Ned Drake," he said, "come back; you are safe with me on my word."

"Give me back my father," cried the boy, bitterly, as he darted away under cover of the gloom.

"Great Heaven!" gasped the pirate chief; "how can he have learned—who could have told him? Mine enemy who has escaped me!"

And he re-entered the hut, to drink more heavily of the brandy, which was now his only solace.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE PIRATE CAMP.

NED DRAKE felt a stern and savage dislike of the man supposed by the admiral to have killed his father; and, much as he desired to leave the island, he preferred an eternal exile, to trusting himself within his grasp. He knew the lawless character of the men he had to deal with, and instinctively he hesitated to put one so gentle and so much loved as Loo, in their power.

The moment he disappeared in the dark and gloomy thicket behind the pirate encampment, he walked hurriedly away. He had left the young girl in a state of mind and body quite sufficient to excite alarm and anxiety, and he was fearful that she might be desirous to follow him.

It was nearly dawn when he was once again in sight of the cavern, and there, as he expected, he found Loo, her face haggard and wan, watching for him with intense anxiety. She could hardly believe that he really had returned, after trusting himself near those dreadful men, who excited in her bosom the most intense fear and dislike.

"You surely have not been in the camp?" she cried, when the brave young lad showed his plunder. "What a fearful risk!"

"You would have died, Loo, had I failed," and without another word, he pressed refreshment on her, after which the impious necessities of fatigue induced him to seek repose.

Late in the afternoon they awoke and had a long conversation. Loo was anxious that they should remain concealed closely until the departure of the pirates took place, when they would be able to return to their home, and wait the arrival of some other vessel of a more respectable character.

Edward reasoned differently. He was particularly anxious to know the intentions of the pirate chief. There was something in his manner that closely resembled remorse, and it might be useful to him to know what ever he could pick up by overhearing the captain's conversation with his men.

He resolved, therefore, to start early, and to conceal himself within hearing of the buccaneers, and, if possible, thus to learn their future intentions.

They must know that the island was inhabited, and by this time the captain must suspect by whom.

Would he depart without making an effort to find the fugitive, whose presence must have particularly puzzled him?

"Let me go with you," said Loo, earnestly. "I am so lonely."

"You will only insure my capture," he replied, gravely; "alone, if discovered, I might escape; but together, it would be impossible."

Loo pouted and sat down. She was a young lady not in the habit of being contradicted, but at the same time very sensible. She made no further remark, however, but making up a fresh fire, she prepared anxiously to await his return.

Ned only paused for the dusk to fall, and then boldly and fearlessly, he started on his life.

The way was more familiar to him now, and he reached the spot about an hour after sundown. Creeping through the thicket, again peered forth.

A very picturesque scene presented itself to his view. The whole crew were at their meals, seated round the little camp-fire which had served to cook their repast. They were chiefly smoking; and, as their fierce and begrimed faces were lit up by the flickering light, they did indeed look a lawless gang.

Most naval countries were represented.

There were Englishmen, Scotchmen, Dutch, Bretons and Italians, with here and there a face which bespoke genuine African origin. These negroes—originally victims—become the most atrocious of villains when once corrupted—just as in gambling-houses, the softest pigeon often becomes the cruellest rook.

They were talking in small groups, but only one excited the attention of Edward.

Close to him, and within reach of his gun-barrel, sat the captain and Jabez Grunn.

The former had been drinking, but not much; the latter had been drinking freely, but without much impression being made upon his great head.

Close by him there was a third individual, whose face was unfamiliar to Ned; he had been shipped, most probably, at Rio de Janeiro.

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## "IF!"

BY JOS. F. MORAN.

I know a girl who has big black eyes,  
An' she is both han'sum an' fair to see;  
But if them ar' eyes was small an' gray,  
How ugly this young girl then would be!

An' I know a young feller who, when he is dressed  
In the latest fashion, cuts a big swell;  
If it was the style uv our grandfather's days  
It wouldn't become him wun' quarter as well.

Then that's my old woman who always finds fault,  
An' the greatest old scold ever I did see;  
But if she couldn't make em' use uv her tongue  
At a quiet old woman she then would be!

I've read a fox wantin' sumthin' to eat,  
An' he wished fur sum grapeses to his supper, I'm sure.  
If they'd only been within reach uv his paw,  
He would have had sum for his supper, I'm sure.

I heard tell uv our Washington's tellin' the truth,  
Which saved him from gettin' the dreaded  
lashin'.

Fur if, stead iv that, he had told a big lie,  
His master would have given him an awful big  
thrashin'.

A cert'in young lady got mad at her beau,  
For when biddin' good-bye, the young man never  
kissed her;

If she had kissed him 'twould hav' done jest as  
well.

But this happy idea I s'pose must have missed  
her mind.

I once know'd a man by the name uv John Smith,  
Who died shortly after he took him a wife,  
An' if I'd keep on with this here 'tarnal ryme  
I could tell why the poor feller ended his life!

## The Gipsy's Curse.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

In the mellow gloaming of a departing autumnal day stood a youthful twain upon a precipice that overlooked the boisterous English Channel.

The youth held the maiden's hands in both of his, and looked deeply into her pretty cerulean eyes, that sparkled and danced beneath long nut-brown lashes.

"Erminie," he said, "again I have disobeyed the stern injunctions of my only parent to meet thee, the sweet idol of my visions, upon the hallowed spot where first I spoke of love to woman fair. Girl, were he to find us here I know not what would follow. A De Courcy becomes a whirlwind when anger usurps his heart-throne. This morn he said to me: 'Boy, if you meet that girl—he did not say 'girl,' Erminie, but that is the word I will use—yes, if you greet her in any way, by the will of heaven! I separate you forever!'

"But, Erminie," De Courcy's heir continued, "happy in each other's love, we will brave his anger. The white-crested waves that now ride across the channel oft become calm. Thus with my father, the earl. When he discovers, as sooner or later he must, that he can not separate our loves, he will submit to the decrees of a Power higher in authority than himself."

Following young Hugh De Courcy's sentence, with the rapidity of thought, the word "never!" rent the balmy air.

The next instant Ralph De Courcy sprung between the devoted lovers.

"Curse you, low-born girl!" he cried, his eyes afire with the terrible passion that consumed his heart. "Your beauty would ruin the De Courcys, as the beauty of Egypt's voluptuous queen ruined Antony. What! think you that my son and heir should wed a low-born gipsy? No! Virgin-like, I'd slay him first, and throw his soulless form to yon boisterous waves."

And he tore the lovers' hands apart, and hurled Erminie from him.

"Father! father! what do you do?" shrieked Hugh, darting past his parent, with outstretched arms, for the girl tottered upon the edge of the cliff!

But Hugh De Courcy was too late to save. With a cry of despair that floated far out upon the channel, the girl wildly clutched at space, and fell headlong from the precipice!

Horror-stricken, father and son gazed into each other's face, and the dreadful silence that followed was of long duration.

"Boy," at last cried Sir Ralph, "her blood be upon your skirts not mine. You persuaded her to meet you here to-night—persuaded her against my commands—and you are responsible for the terrible result. Did I not say that a disobedience of my behests would separate you and your gipsy love forever? Now, Hugh De Courcy, you are free from the fowler's net—though it cost a life to free you. Now, come with me to the mansion, and sign the betrothal bond between yourself and Bertie, the heiress of Mosslands."

"Never!" cried the son, throwing his right hand aloft. "Father—murderer were a more appropriate name—I never love again, nor shall this hand press other maiden's save she whom, in the incarnation of purity, you have slain. Though a gipsy's child, father, she was worthy a De Courcy's love. Her soul, ah! that sinless soul! Would to God, father, that yours were half so free of stain. You may plot for Bertie Courtland, but I never wed. I go to wrest from the waves the purest freight they ever bore," and with this he disappeared in a path leading down the cliff.

And Ralph De Courcy returned to his manor, muttering that, in time, Bertie Courtland would become his daughter.

All through that long autumn night Hugh searched for the woman he loved. With lanterns borrowed from the untutored inhabitants of the beach, he searched every cave and cove; but was forced to the awful conclusion that the wild waves had borne Erminie forever from his sight.

From the beach he proceeded to the magnificent stables attached to the estate.

Entering one, he caparisoned the favorite horse, and rode away like the boreal blast.

"Richland, adieu," he cried, pausing upon an accivity which overlooked the possessions of the De Courcys. "And thou, murderer—though my father—a long farewell. The land I loved I now hate, and a restless wanderer, until death, becomes Hugh De Courcy."

He rode down the street and disappeared.

While Hugh De Courcy rode from the place of his birth the earl paced his luxurious library.

He knew not of his son's flight, and thought that he had triumphed over love.

Suddenly a heavy step in the hall roused him, and, looking up, he beheld a wild-looking creature standing in the doorway.

Her garments and personal appearance proclaimed her a gipsy, who, in all probability,

belonged to the nomadic band encamped upon the Courtland possessions.

Sir Ralph paused and confronted his weird visitor, who, without invitation, stalked forward and threw herself upon a chair. The earl frowned at her forwardness, and dropped into his arm-chair at her side.

"Well," he said, in a gruff voice, "what do you want?"

"My child!" the woman cried, looking straight into the earl's eyes.

"Your child?" he echoed. "Woman, I know naught of your offspring."

"Ralph De Courcy, do not mock me," she cried. "Last night Erminie and your son stood upon the Devil's Crag. You came between them, and—where's my child?"

The earl was silent.

A moment later the gipsy sprung to her feet, with such violence as to hurl her chair to the floor.

"You've killed my child, Ralph De Courcy!" she shrieked. "Erminie, whom I have loved through so many years. Oh! heaven curse this man—this titled murderer!" and she towered before the earl with uplifted hands and clenched.

"Visit him, righteous Judge, with afflictions that break the heart but do not kill. May he become a landless lord, a childless father, a man hating himself, and tired of life, but yet afraid to die. Thus, Ralph De Courcy, I invoke Heaven's most terrible anathemas upon thy accused life."

During the pronouncing of the gipsy's curse, Ralph De Courcy shrunk from the speaker, as though her touch were contagion.

Something indescribable and indefinable told him that that curse was doomed to become a prophecy, as true as the prophecies of Holy Writ.

He buried his face in his hands to shut out the past that came swarming back, and when he looked up again the wild creature was gone, and a servant stood in her place.

"Well?" demanded the earl.

"Your son has fled, never, he told me, to war."

Ralph De Courcy groaned from the depth of his heart.

"The curse, the curse!" he muttered, staggering from the room. "Every word of it will be fulfilled."

A wild storm raged along the English coast, and swept across the channel with relentless fury.

In the small apartment of a light-house sat two men.

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